

MONSTER PIKE A "PIRATE"

English Villagers Feasted on Fish Which Had Been Cutting Anglers' Lines for Years.

A pirate was caught and killed recently in the little old English village of Beeston St. Lawrence, Norfolkshire, and his remains were cut up and shared between the old age pensioners, who voted him very tasty, an exchange reports. The good people of Beeston St. Lawrence are not cannibals, and for the benefit of those not acquainted with the legendary lore of that part of England it must be explained that this pirate was a monster pike which terrorized the waters of the lake in Beeston for upward of thirty years.

The pike, which had the reputation of being the most awful fish in the world, earned the name of "the pirate" because of his predatory raids on fishermen's lines whenever they hooked anything. Anglers came from miles around to try and catch the freebooter, but the fish was too clever for the most expert piscator.

According to stories told over mugs of ale at the village inn the "pirate" was hooked only once, and in a vicious rage he broke the line and escaped. Yet the honor of catching him goes to a young ex-soldier who had been pike fishing only four times in his life.

The night of the capture they held a guessing contest in the village as to the actual weight of the "pirate," the prize being the fish itself. He weighed 25 pounds 1 ounce, measured five feet and had a girth of two feet.

JUST PULLED UP IN TIME

Timpkins' Abrupt Change of Subject Hardly to Be Wondered At Under the Circumstances.

The shaded lights, music in the distance, sweet perfumes from the costly flowers about them—everything was just right for a proposal, and Timpkins decided to chance his luck. She was pretty, which was good, and also, he believed, an heiress, which was better.

"Are you not afraid that some one will marry you for your money?" he asked gently.

"Oh, dear, no!" smiled the girl. "Such an idea never entered my head."

"Ah, Miss Liscombe," he sighed, "in your sweet innocence you do not dream how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are!"

"Perhaps I don't," replied the girl calmly.

"I would not for a moment have such a terrible fate befall you!" he said passionately. "You are too good, too beautiful. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone."

"He'll have to," the girl remarked. "It's my cousin Jennie who has the money—not I. You seem to have got me mixed. I haven't a penny myself."

"Oh—er—stammered the young man—"what pleasant weather we are having, aren't we?"

Notice.

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BIG FUSS OVER SMALL FOX

Extensive Litigation in Prospect Because of Winter Sport in Dutchess County, New York.

Every sportsman in Dutchess county is interested in a lawsuit over the skin of a fox which already has involved two hunters, two farmers, four lawyers and one justice of the peace, bidding fair to take a trail leading straight into the Supreme court, a dispatch from Poughkeepsie to the New York Evening Sun says.

Reynard was shot and wounded while in woods belonging to De Witt Clinton Flanagan, formerly member of congress. The wounded fox reached the farm of L. C. Hart, where it was discovered by Edward Meade, an employee of Mr. Hart. Meade used a club and dispatched the animal, taking possession of the skin. The two sportsmen demanded possession of the trophy, but this was refused.

One lawyer representing the sportsmen found an ancient law which provided that a wild animal shot by hunters belongs to them whether it is recovered immediately or escapes to other parts.

In a justice's court Meade was arraigned on a charge of having hunted without a license, his weapon having been a club, but he was promptly acquitted.

But the question of the pelt remained unsettled until the justice found a colonial statute which states that whenever a close (inclosed holding of land) is invaded by a predatory animal said animal may lawfully be seized or killed. Under this ruling the fox skin was awarded to Meade.

Too Much Ceremony.

The battalion was resting beside the road toward the end of its 16-mile hike. After the weary marchers had eased their packs and slipped from their nearly empty canteens, they watched dispiritedly the energetic setting-up exercises being gone through by a strange outfit in a nearby field.

"What's that there gang?" inquired Private Hanks of Oklahoma without enthusiasm.

"Infantry candidates' school," replied the corporal.

"Candidates! Infantry candidates!" exploded Hanks. "My good gosh! Do you have to make application and be initiated to get into this mess nowadays?"—The Home Sector.

Some Excitement in Oil Wells.

Competitive drilling plays a great part among wells in a single vicinity because all oil leases leak at the edges, and whether you get your neighbor's oil or he gets yours is largely a matter of speed. Consequently a well in the middle of a large tract is usually let alone by the owner, or, at least, he undertakes further drilling with deliberation, but if he strikes oil near his boundary he drills his borders with all haste, knowing that his neighbor will "offset" his wells, on the other side of the boundary just as fast as he can get the equipment on the ground.—Ray Merges in the World's Work.

To whom are you going to sell your Hay and Grain? The Harrington Mercantile Co. will offer the highest prices. 64tf

LIGHT NOW PLACED ON MAP

Uncle Sam Officially Recognizes Beacon Designed to Commemorate the Titanic Disaster.

After seven years the "tute" light in the lighthouse on the roof of the Seamen's church institute has obtained official recognition on the government charts of New York harbor. For years this green beacon was ignored. Later it was recorded as a "fixed point." Now it is marked with a star on maps.

The lighthouse was erected to commemorate the heroes of the greatest marine disaster in the modern world, the sinking of the steamship Titanic off Newfoundland April 15, 1912. The lighthouse was dedicated on the first anniversary of the disaster as a memorial created by public subscription and the work of prominent women. The light called "tute" by seamen, soon was guiding pilots who, as they "turned the Hook" 15 miles or more away, might make out the green and brilliant star supplied by the 7,500 candle power of three Cooper Hewitt quartz electric lamps 211 feet above the city streets. This green light on the starboard especially provided an excellent range for vessels making their way to the East river.

The lighthouse also has carried since November 1, 1913, a time ball 4 feet in diameter which drops each day at "standard mean" noon, when, as "Arry remarks to Bill down in 'the slip," "she's jos 5 er'clock in Lunin."

WERE BURIED IN PYRAMIDS

Aztec Dignitaries Had Imposing Tombs in the Little Village of San Juan Teotihuacan.

The little village of San Juan Teotihuacan, which in the Aztec language meant "City of the Gods," was in the early days of Aztec history the scene of extraordinary religious ceremonies. The two pyramids, one dedicated to the sun, the other to the moon, are known to have been the tombs in which hundreds of tribal dignitaries were buried and exorcisers have exhumed wrought stone containing human bones, obsidian knives, terra cotta heads with broad faces and flat noses, fragments of rare pottery and great numbers of arrowheads. One of the most recent and most valuable discoveries was a jadeite mask of some past monarch, with the brow covered with the diadem known to early Mexican history. The pyramid to the sun and the one to the moon both contain chambers and their several stories are complete temples in themselves, but connected by winding stairs.

The inscriptions having Chinese characteristics were discovered through excavating in the ruins of what has generally been known as La Ciudadela (The Citadel), but which, according to recent reports of investigators, are what is left of a pyramid larger and, perhaps, older than the two pyramids to the sun and the moon.

Christian Science service Sunday 11 a. m. Wednesday evening meetings every week at 8:00. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services. Building & Loan building, room 25.

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S. & R. Service Station

Gone Lower.

Several of our Hoosier school buildings are named after noted Americans of a generation or more ago. Recently at a community meeting at one of these buildings the speaker spoke of the spirit of the man, whose name the building bore, hovering over the school. The children seemed much impressed then but it took the next day to show how deeply some had been moved.

The principal sent two youngsters to the basement to see to the furnace in the absence of the janitor. They came rushing up a few minutes later saying that they had heard a "terrible noise" down there. The principal laughed at them but another boy arose in their defense. "I bet I know what it is," he said. "I bet it's that man's spirit around here again. Only this time instead of being on the roof it's down in the cellar."—Indianapolis News.

Changed His Mind.

He was well up in the sixties and always got a lot of pleasure out of walking. He would always say: "You city people don't get out enough and walk."

In his short stay in the city he stepped into his son's downtown magazine shop and said: "I just walked down from Thirty-fourth street." With pride he added: "That's not bad for a young fellow like me! And, by the way, your wife gave me this note and said for me to stop and get these things. Where is this store?"

"That's the department store just a square up the street—this street," replied his son.

"A department store! Where is that errand boy you have around here? I'm too tired to walk up there," replied the old man.

Slow to Learn.

"This newly made millionaire is an uncouth fellow."

"So he is. Yet he frequents the most fashionable restaurants."

"That's why I think it strange that he is so backward in acquiring a polish. The mere contemplation of a faultless head waiter ought to give him some ideas of deportment."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Light in the Window.

The transport had entered New York harbor. On board was one lone colored soldier among the homeward bound. As the ship passed the statue of liberty there was absolute silence, when suddenly the dusky doughboy broke the quiet by remarking: "Put your light down, honey, I see home."—The American Legion Weekly.

Hereford Bulls for Sale.

Twenty head of registered Hereford Bulls for sale. S. J. Koch, Hershey, Neb. 23-8

LAND FOR SALE.

I offer for sale 1120 acres of sand-hill land located 23 miles from North Platte on Tryon road; 200 acres broke and can break another 100, all in one body, 700 acres fenced with 3-wire fence, good frame barn, sod house, well and windmill, tank and cistern, good cave and other improvements. Address R. L. Douglas, North Platte, or phone 792F013.

For Sale.

Five room house, gas, water, electric lights, nice shade and fruit trees, chicken house and garage. Located at 718 west Third. Phone 1044W. 30tf

For Sale.

Matched team of greys 4 and 5 years old. Phone 1194W. 29-tf

Legal Notice.

J. Beckwith is hereby notified that the Omaha Van and Storage Co., will sell at 2 o'clock p. m., on May 13th, on lot 7, block 2, Peniston's Addition to the city of North Platte, the following goods left in storage by him, and upon which there is due as storage costs the sum of \$82.00, together with accruing costs towit: sofa, 4 bed rails, tool box, 2 rockers, 2 chairs, crate of glass, crate marble, bundle of bed slats, 2 bed ends, 2 bed springs, stove and a dresser.

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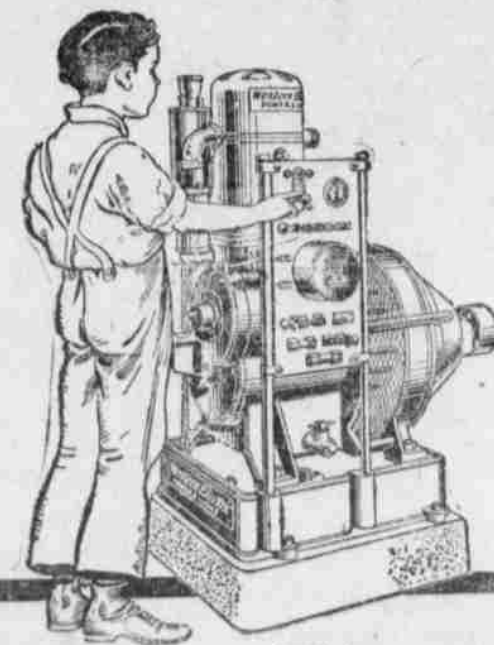
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